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THE MAN TO GET THROUGH THE WORLD.

SOME people, if asked to point out the kind of man best fitted to get well through the world, would pitch upon the vigorous and able man, judging that, in a scene where there are so many obstacles, the power of meeting and overcoming them must be the most important of all qualifications. Others might indicate the man of great vivacity and quickness of parts—he who watches and takes advantage of every thing, feels interested in every thing, and never for one moment allows his faculties to be at rest. Now, these are valuable qualifications in their way, and, no doubt, of great use in enabling a man, as the common phrase is, to get through the world. Yet we question if they are the most essential of all qualities for that purpose. The force of an individual is often found of little avail against the great inert obstacles which he meets in his course. High nervous activity wears itself out, and often perishes before it has effected any thing. It appears to us that the kind of man truly best fitted to get well through life, is he who, while possessing a fair share of the above qualities, abounds more in a certain passiveness of character, fitting him to take almost every troublesome thing easily. This man does not so much cope with difficulties, as he ducks and lets them pass over his head. He never allows himself to get into an excitement, either for or against any thing or any body. If—to quote the language of Adam Woodcock in the novel of the *The Abbot*—some one tells him that old King Cowl is alive and well again, he does not whip out bilbo and fall a-fighting for or against that ancient gentleman, but only remarks, "Ay, is it e'en so? I heard not of it." If he meets a pugnacious person who seems anxious to fix a quarrel upon him, he will steadily preserve his coolness, and get out of the scrape, probably, by some adroit and good-humoured evasion. If he encounters a litigious person, who, though manifestly in the wrong, seems bent on dragging him into a suit, he will not allow himself to be carried away by his sense of what is just and true, but will consider what chance there is of his getting his right by the law. He may perhaps find it more prudent to yield some little point of right, and so get out of the contention. Such is the kind of man best fitted to get through the world: he has his losses, but all his losses are taken at the least. There was once an individual who was so much impressed with the wisdom of this policy, and had such a salutary horror of legal disputation, that he declared, if any one came up to him and demanded the coat from his back, he would take off the garment, fold it up, and hand it to the claimant, with a polite bow, and the remark that he was sorry it was so far worn. This he said he would do upon a deliberate understanding that it was better to yield than to resist, seeing that, if the thing came to a personal struggle, he would lose more in temper, scratching, and tearing of apparel, than the coat came to, or, if to a legal struggle, infinitely more in disagreeable occupation of mind and expenses, not to speak of the chance of being obliged after all to resign the object of contention. The same gentleman said that, if called foul names by any one, he would pursue exactly the same policy. "I am sorry," he would say, "to find that you consider me a fool and an ass; but I cannot help it. I hope that you will see the mistake by and bye." If calumniated behind his back, his policy, he said, would be to say nothing. To be calumniated is simply one of the unavoidable evils of life. However undeserved, it has always some effect. But who can help it? Better to sit down with the

evil in its original amount, than give it additional currency by remonstrance or the leading of exculpatory proof. It is worse for a man of the world to set himself up before his fellows in the light of an ill-used or unfortunate person, than to suffer a good deal from unmerited calumny. Such was the policy of our friend. He used to say there was no getting justice from an angry enemy. The great point with him was to get away from an adversary or aggressor in tolerable temper and dignity. If right got uppermost at last, well and good; if not, he had at least escaped being in a passion.

This may seem a tame philosophy, and certainly it is one which we cannot expect to see generally practised in its full extent, unless the axis of human nature should somehow take a change. But there can be no doubt that the nearer any one can approach it, he will the more easily get through the world, and that, indeed, to get through the world at all, absolutely requires no small portion of it. We would describe it as a power of submitting to little grievances and aggressions, in order to escape worse evils. We say little grievances more particularly, for, with regard to large ones, a bolder policy may often be the best. If we consider how various are men in their ideas as to what is just, in their ideas as to what is polite or proper, and even in their actual natures, some being naturally weak and frivolous, while others are sagacious and steady, some rude, others gentle, and so forth, we cannot but see that each man, in his intercourse with the world, must meet with much to injure, to annoy, and to wound him. There is no escape but in perfect seclusion. People are sometimes found to prefer the most absurd claims, and to commit the strangest aggressions upon one's rights, almost apparently without being aware of their error. If every such thing were to be made the subject of angry altercation or legal dispute, a man would have no comfort in life. He had far better try some polite way of getting off as cheaply as he can, with the resolution of being as guarded in future as possible against the recurrence of such troubles. Again, there are beings who commit the grossest acts of impudence, having apparently no sense of their own situation or character, and no regard whatever for the feelings of their fellow-creatures. To fall out with all such persons on every occurrence of their folly, would be to live in perpetual hot water, besides sending every one of them away in the condition of an enemy and a detractor. Far better bear with the little impertinence while it lasts, and get out of the scrape with civility. Then there is the great generation of the *Bores*—bores of all shades of bristle, and every length of tusk; bores of natural silliness; bores of egotism and vanity; bores of monomaniacal enthusiasm; bores of incessant activity of tongue, and who never listen. These, it is true, are amongst the heaviest of dispensations; yet they are generally well-meaning unfortunates, and, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, there is almost always something respectable about them, such, indeed, being a feature indispensable to their character, as, were it otherwise, no one would for a moment be troubled with them. If one were to make a constant practice of repelling bores without mercy, he would offend an immense number of his daily visitors, and secure a vast number of enemies. These gentlemen are amongst the most easily offended of all the easily offended. Treat one with the least asperity, or even neglect, and he goes away tossing his tusk in the air, full of the most deadly indignation and wrath, which he is sure to wreak out upon you at some convenient opportunity. It may be a hard law, yet the fact is, one must bear

with one's bores, if one wishes to get at all safely or agreeably through the world. You may take precautionary measures, such as avoiding particular societies which bores frequent, and telling your servant to refuse them admittance, and so forth; but once let in your bore, and you must treat him civilly. We must not only consider the danger of giving him any offence, but the great advantage to be derived from treating him well. He is an extremely grateful animal. Bearing with him quite gains his heart. Is he a talker!—then only *hear*, and he goes away proclaiming you the most intelligent and agreeable of companions. Is he full of some hobby or crotchet—some plan for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or washing Ethiopians white, or making all mankind what they ought to be!—then only allow him to describe his plan, enter into it as if you saw his idea—you need not go the length of applauding it—and he ever after regards you as a person of the most acute and sagacious mind. Is he the bore of egotism?—then, by all means, let him have his say—consent to regard yourself as for the time non-existent—look respectful, and be on your guard against yawning—and with him you are ever after a made man. It may seem hard to pay so much in order to be tolerable to this essentially selfish set of mortals; but consider, on the other hand, that you are actually conferring a pleasure. You are making a human being happy, and that is much. Besides, there is nothing to be got by punishing your true egotist. He looks on any interruption to his strain of self-glorification as only bad usage. You punish without correcting him. It is like the Spaniards burning the South American Indians for heterodoxy, as a warning to the backwoods millions who were as yet unacquainted with orthodoxy. Far better bear with the exacting wretch, and only pity him as an unfortunate who is doomed, wherever he goes, to create disgust. With regard to the bore of natural imbecility, the old man of declining faculties, the man weakened through disease, or the poor creature whom nature has from the first denied the usual measure of intellect, we need surely do no more than refer the case to the court of humanity. He must be a fretful man truly, who will not for a little bear with a fellow-creature so much less happily situated than himself.

Perhaps to submit to cheating, or any thing approaching to it, may seem the hardest case. It is, however, one not less imperative than the rest. In every common thing, we must consider the ultimate utility. Suppose, for example, that one is subjected to an overcharge at an inn: if there were any reason to expect that making a riot about it would serve to reduce the bill, there might be some propriety in making the said riot. But if one intends to settle the bill at its full amount, or knows that it is impossible to get any reduction, how absurd does it seem to make this riot, thereby rendering one's self extremely uncomfortable for the time, breaking the wand of peace and civility with the landlord, landlady, bar-maid, and all the rest of the household, and ensuring that, as one leaves the house, the whole of these parties will be muttering to themselves, "There goes no gentleman!" Unquestionably, if the money is to be paid, it is better to say nothing, and therefore have the full benefit of such handsome payment in peace and civility while in the house, and the proper amount of bows and serapes and curtsies when leaving it. One may all the time be making the firmest resolutions to avoid the Red Lion in future, and go in preference to the Black Bull; but that may be done without rumpus, and without forfeiting either good temper or the civility of the house. In any other case of overcharge, the same

philosophy will hold good. If an effort to reduce it be determined upon, certainly the more vigorously it is set about the better; but if the money is to be paid, then it is surely enough to lose one's coin without also giving up one's composure, and after all securing the bad opinion and bad word of the extortioner. Even where you feel that you have been shamefully deluded or deceived, better in most cases take it all quietly, for by no other means are you likely to get so cheaply off. It is rarely that any real redress is to be obtained for such injuries. By proclaiming the matter, you in the first place secure the implacable hostility of your deceiver, who, otherwise, would probably have done you no further harm. In the second place, you let the world know that you are capable of being deceived—always a depreciatory circumstance with regard to a man of the world, if not also calculated to encourage others to attempt deceiving him. Finally, it is quite likely, from the ingenious efforts of the enemy, and the excessive carelessness of the world in making up opinions about private questions, that some doubt may arise as to which is the deceived or injured party; in which case, you find that one injustice has only led to another. In by far the greater number of instances, it would be found much better in all respects to submit patiently and quietly to the first injustice, gross though it might be, only making the resolution to be for the future ten times more circumspect than ever. The best may be deceived once; but he must be a fool who is deceived twice by the same person or under a repetition of the former circumstances.

It is the lot of every one to find unreasonable applications made to him, for money, personal service, advice, and so forth. The individual thus applied to will of course have a strong sense of the unreasonableness of the application, and he may accordingly be disposed not only to refuse the request, but to show that he resents the intrusion. Such is not the most prudent course. Much better take a little pains to make the refusal a polite one, or to convince the reason of the applicant, without injury to his self-esteem, that compliance could not fairly be expected. It might even be advisable to comply, to a greater or less extent, if it could be done without much inconvenience; for little favours from man to man help to sweeten society, and to remedy the unavoidable evils of life, and no one who aids in such good objects can want his reward. We might press the benevolent reason more particularly; but the prudent one is sufficient in itself, and will perhaps tell better with the world at large. Besides, what prudence dictates in this case is essentially the course which benevolence would pursue. Benevolence would consider that persons under difficulties are rendered somewhat inconsiderate in the expectations which they form, and that this should be no reason why those who have the power to succour or assist should not do so.

As far as small aggressions, intrusions, and injuries are concerned, the above is certainly the best policy which any one can follow. It may be difficult to bring temper and common sensations to so tolerant a pitch; but an effort may well be made for an object so important, and the reckoning at the close of life will certainly show no small amount of happiness gained, and of pain avoided, as a reward for the exertion. We have as yet, however, only adverted to the positive policy. A negative policy is also required. He who would get well through the world, must not only take the offences and troubles which come from his fellow-creatures, in a conceding and patient spirit, but he must see that his own conduct is as little as possible offensive or troublesome. Be it observed, that offenders are not presumed in the above speculations to get off with impunity. Mine host of the Red Lion, though not rated for his swinging bill, sees his customers go across the way to the Black Bull. The deceiver, though unchallenged, gets no opportunity of deceiving again. The bore, though treated civilly for the moment, is avoided for the future. We may add, that the bad-tempered man, though others may, for their own sakes, be able to restrain the irritation which he excites, is the object of universal terror and dislike. And so on with the rest. It is thus seen to be no good thing for men to act in any of those characters, however policy may require from their victims a patient and forbearing behaviour. Every kind of offensive or troublesome conduct tells in the long run upon those who practise it. Submitted to it may be—immense concessions may be made by the prudent in order to avoid altercation and worse

evils; but as sure as a stone thrown into the air falls back to the ground, so sure is every kind of annoyance with which we may visit others, to come back, sooner or later, and wound ourselves.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

THIRD ARTICLE.—ALAIN CHARTIER.

FROISSART must be regarded as the only important prose-writer of France in the fourteenth century. He also wrote a little volume of songs and virelays, which forms the only collection of poetry of any consequence produced during the same age; but it does not appear necessary to dwell upon a department of literature so slightly developed. Contemporary with Froissart, was a famous French warrior, Bertrand du Guesclin, and a chronicle of his adventures, by an unknown author, forms one of the most conspicuous prose productions of the period. This work, however, differs too little in character from the other, to demand particular notice in a review of French literature necessarily so brief as the present.

In the fifteenth century, to which we have now arrived, the earliest writer of consequence, either in prose or verse, was Alain Chartier, a man who is held to have done much to fix and refine the language of his country. He was born at Bayeux, in the year 1386, received his education at Paris, and, after an honourable and active career, died in the year 1447, or, according to other accounts, in 1438. He held the office of secretary of the household to Charles VI. and Charles VII., and, at the instigation of these sovereigns, engaged himself in historical composition. His principal work of this description is a *History of Charles VII.* Among his other prose writings, a *Treatise on Hope*, and *The Quadrilogue*, an invective against Edward III. of England, are those which chiefly deserve notice. But the natural tendencies of Alain Chartier seem to have been towards poetry and imaginative writing. He was celebrated for a chaste and elegant style of discourse, and an anecdote, connected with this trait in his character, has obtained much celebrity. Margaret of Scotland, first wife to the Eleventh Louis, seeing Alain asleep on a chair one day, as she traversed the halls of the palace, went up and kissed him, before all her attendants. When surprise was expressed by them that she should thus salute a man remarkable for the plainness of his looks, "I do not kiss the man," replied the dauphiness, "but the mouth which has given utterance to so many charming things."

As a specimen of the prose writings of Alain Chartier, the reader may be pleased with the following account of the murder of the Duke of Orleans, in the Old Street of the Temple. A single sentence from the original, in the first place, may be given, to show the gradually improving style of the French dialect in the time of the writer:—"Et apres, alloient les princes dessusdits et autres ses parents, et apres, grand multitude des peuples, tous faisans at demenans grand deuil." Commencing his account of the assassination, Chartier thus speaks: "In that year, one thousand four hundred and seven, on the eve of St Clement, the Duke of Orleans set out from his hotel near Saint Paul, about eight of the evening, in order to visit the queen, who had given birth to a child that was already dead. As he returned thence, near to the gate Barbette, and before the hotel of the Marshal d'Eureux, there sallied from a house certain armed men, of whom the chief was a man named Raoulet d'Actonville; and these persons fell upon the duke and killed him, throwing him on the ground under his mule, and cutting his hand, with which he clung to his saddle. And when he had fallen to the earth, one of his servants stood over him to attempt to save him, but was himself also slain. Then the said malefactors fled to the hotel of Artois, and, in their flight, threw caltrops behind them, to the end that they might not be pursued. The people of the neighbourhood assembled when they heard the outcry, and lifted the duke and bore him into a house; whither, soon afterwards, came King Louis of Sicily, and the Dukes of Berry and Bourbon, who were all much agast at beholding the Duke of Orleans thus assassinated. Then they went homewards to repose for the night. And early in the morning his body was brought to the monastery of the White-Mantles, in a chest covered with black. Thither came his uncles, the Dukes of Berry and Bourbon, his cousin-german the Duke of Burgundy, and the King of Sicily, also his cousin-german; and they were clad in black, and showed every token of grief, as did various other lords, the relations and partisans of the deceased. Afterwards, the said defunct prince was borne in funeral procession, and his body laid in the church of the Celestines at Paris, accompanied by a large train of chevaliers and squires, all attired in black, and each

carrying a torch before the body. And behind it walked the foresaid princes and other relatives, with a great multitude of people, all making much lamentation. It was subsequently ordered by the same princes, that, in order to discover who had murdered their kinsman, the brother of the king, commissioners should be appointed to go to the house whence the assassins had issued, and also to examine the neighbours, investigate the whole chance, and learn the truth. The commissioners nominated for this purpose were Master Pierre l'Orfevre, councillor of the late Duke of Orleans, and Master Robert de Tuillieres, councillor to the king. Now it was, that they came to the Old Street of the Temple, the spot where the deed had been done, and got information, implicating a water-carrier, who went and came to the fore-mentioned hotel, at the time when the event occurred; and they found that the same water-carrier was in the hotel of Artois, where dwelt the Duke of Burgundy. But the law was such, that, in the mansion of any of the seigneurs of France, a malefactor could not be seized without the leave of the lord of the house. So the commissioners went directly to procure leave from the Duke of Burgundy, to seize the said water-carrier, and discover the facts of the case. For this end, they went to the hotel of Neelle, where sat in consultation the King of Sicily and the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry. It was demanded of the commissioners what they sought, and they said that they wished to have permission from the Duke of Burgundy to seize a man who was in the hotel of the Duke. The Duke heard these words, and he seemed agast, and changed colour. The King Louis, his cousin-german, perceived this, and took him aside, saying to him, 'Fair cousin, knew you of this act? Tell me, for you must. The man in your hotel will be seized.' Then the Duke of Burgundy began to weep, and said that 'he was the cause of the death of the said Duke of Orleans, his cousin.' The Duke of Berry observed the weeping, and demanded what was the matter. 'So King Louis replied, that his cousin the Duke of Burgundy had caused the death of the Duke of Orleans. Then the Duke of Berry fell into tears, and exclaimed, 'I lose this day both my nephews!' As these words were spoken, the Duke of Burgundy departed without saying farewell. In descending the stairs, he met the Duke of Bourbon-Louis, who was coming to the consultation. And when the said Duke of Bourbon entered the chamber, he found the King of Sicily and the Duke of Berry in tears. The latter of these princes revealed the fact of the murder of Orleans by the Duke of Burgundy. Then cried the Duke of Bourbon, 'Why did you not detain him! It is necessary to tell this to the king, that he may take such order in the matter as justice calls for.' Accordingly, the King Louis and the dukes mounted their horses to proceed straight to the king; while, at the same time, the Duke of Burgundy took a swift horse, and left Paris with all haste, through fear of his being arrested. When he came to the Bridge of Saint-Maisance, he caused it to be broken down behind him, and went that day to Arras, where he was at a distance of forty and two leagues from Paris. The said princes, meanwhile, went to the king, and showed him the whole affair, according to the confession. Instantly, the servants of the deceased Duke of Orleans mounted their horses to pursue the said Duke of Burgundy, but found the said bridge broken; on which they returned. Then it was resolved, that, since he had escaped, there would be a necessity for sending Monseigneur the Duke of Berry, who was his uncle and godfather, to the Duke of Burgundy, lest he should become a partisan of the English. It was so done, and with such effect, that his thoughts were turned from war. And all that winter he remained in his territories of Artois and Flanders."

In the preceding extract, as the reader may at once perceive, the antique arrangement of sentences, and other peculiarities of the writer, are preserved as far as a translation will allow. We have now to give a little specimen of the poetry of Alain Chartier, and in the one selected, the characteristics of the old Troubadour, or ballad style, will be found prominently to exist. Indeed, in Chartier's time, the poetical literature of France still consisted almost entirely of ballads, with a few compositions of the ode or idyll order. It was long ere the country threw off its taste for the Troubadour poetry, and attempted poems of a higher class. England, less deeply imbued with such likings, had entered on a nobler field at the same epoch. Chaucer (1328-1400) was a contemporary of Chartier, and he at once betook himself to a walk and a style which the greatest intellects of his country could not thereafter improve. His favourite measure is still the epic measure of English poetry. A long ballad piece,

"A book called *La Belle Dame Sans Mercy*,
Which Maister Alain made of remembrance,
Chief Secretarie with the King of France,"

was translated from the French of Chartier by Chaucer, whose words respecting it are here quoted. But this in a measure is a digression. The piece selected from Alain Chartier runs thus:—

BALLAD.

Oh! fools of fools, and mortal fools,
Who prize so much what Fortune gives;
Say, is there aught man owns or rules
In this same earth wherewith he lives?
What do his proper rights embrace?
Have the fair gifts of Nature's grace?

If from you, then, by Fortune's spite,
The goods you deem your own be torn,
No wrong is done the while, but right;
For you had nought when you were born.

Then pass the dark brown hours of night
No more in dreaming how you may
Best load your chests with golden freight;
Crave nought beneath the moon, I pray,
From Paris even to Pampelune,
Savouring alone such simple boon
As needful is for life below.

Enough if fame your name adorn,
And you to earth with honour go;
For you had nought when you were born.

When all things were for common use—
Apples, all blithesome fruits of trees,
Nuts, honey, and each gum and juice,
Both man, and woman too, could please.
Strife never vex'd these meals of old;
Be patient, then, of heat and cold;
Esteem not Fortune's favours sure;
And of her gifts when you are shorn,
With moderate grief your loss endure;
For you had nought when you were born.

ENVOY.

If Fortune does you any spite—
Should even the coat be from you torn—
Pray, blame her not—it is her right;
For you had nought when you were born.

STORY OF A PARISH-BOY.

GEORGE DALE was an orphan boy left in infancy to the charge of a parish in Nottinghamshire. His mother had not survived his birth, and his remaining parent, a poor but honest man, had soon followed her to the grave. In his early days, accordingly, George had a taste of all the comforts and discomforts attending a life dependent on public beneficence. But fortune was kinder to him than it is to the generality of youngsters in the same circumstances. A lady of the neighbourhood, the widow of a respectable landed proprietor, chanced to see the boy in the course of her charitable visitations, and was struck by his fine cheerful healthy looks. Mrs. Blakely had lost several of her own children, and her anxiety for the two yet remaining predisposed her to feel an interest in other children of a similar age. Such was the effect, at least, of her situation, operating upon a kindly and generous heart. She had, besides, thought of training up some boy to be a companion and attendant upon her own son, and the sight of George Dale determined her upon making choice of him for this purpose. Her charitable feelings were thus at once gratified, and a desirable object attained.

When George Dale removed to Blakely Hall, he became, as had been intended, the attendant and companion of Frank Blakely, a boy of his own age, and also of Harriet Blakely, a girl about two years younger, or nearly five years old. Not only did George participate in the sports of these children, but he was also fortunate enough to partake, by permission of his kind patroness, in the instructions given to them by their family tutor. He became a great favourite with his young master and mistress—two children whose naturally good qualities had been carefully fostered, and improved by an anxious and sensible mother. The harder early training of the orphan boy, indeed, fitted him admirably for being a useful and agreeable companion to Frank and Harriet in their out-of-door amusements. To gratify their slightest wish, he was ever ready to clamber up any height, to travel any distance, and, in short, to undertake any feat of boyish adventure, however difficult and perilous. At the same time, he profited so much by the advantages afforded to him in the way of education, as to be no unfit or unworthy associate for them in other respects.

The distinction of station between children in their early years is little heeded, and is felt least of all by themselves. They almost reach the age when serious attachments are formed, ere they begin to feel the distinctions of rank. This circumstance, as will be found, materially influenced the fate of the Blakelys and George Dale. The difference between them in point of rank was scarcely seen or felt until Frank reached the age of sixteen, and left home for Eton. Harriet was then left alone. As she was an only daughter, her mother deemed it better to take a personal charge of her education at home than to send her to a boarding-school. Exercise in the open air being an essential part of Mrs. Blakely's system of training, Harriet still had to take walks and pony-rides, and still George Dale was for the most part her companion, her mother being unequal to any lengthened excursions abroad. Harriet also had from childhood shown a great affection for birds, perhaps chiefly because George's boyish adventurousness had enabled her to procure and train numbers of them herself, so fixing her tastes on the subject. Be this as it may, as she grew up she had formed a considerable aviary, to which she went on adding from time to time with George's continued assistance.

Several years ran by, and found the persons of our story in the same relative circumstances, and engaged with the same amusements and occupations. Frank had passed from Eton to Cambridge, presenting himself at Blakely Hall only during the vacation seasons. George Dale, in the mean time, had grown up into a fine young man, handsome in person and intelligent in mind. Mrs. Blakely, if she had ever even thought

of it, had not found it agreeable to her feelings to make him a common servant. She had placed him in the office of her steward or overseer, and thus supplied him with a respectable occupation, which engaged all his hours excepting those which he still devoted to the promotion of Harriet's amusements, and the gratification of her tastes with respect to the feathered creation. The only disturbance of the peaceful routine of existence at Blakely Hall, occurred when Frank came to spend his vacations there. On one of these occasions he brought with him a friend of his own age, son of a gentleman of property residing at no great distance. This young collegian was evidently struck with the appearance of Harriet Blakely, who had, indeed, become a lovely young woman. George Dale felt a bitter, and at first an inexplicable pang, as he beheld the place which he had so long held at the bride-rein of the young lady taken up by this smart and handsome pupil of the Cambridge Alma; and though he could not help fancying that the change was not pleasing to Harriet herself, he took himself secretly to task upon the subject, and made a firm resolution to crush in its infancy a feeling of whose existence he had previously been unaware. For its presumption and folly he rated himself most severely.

Harriet, of course, showed her brother her aviary, with its increasing stores. "Harriet, my dear," said Frank, "I am surprised that you have never attempted to tame the wood-pigeon." "No, indeed," was her reply; "I have never yet thought of it; but this is the very season, and George here (George was by at the time) is so careful of them when young, that we never lose any of our little favourites, and it is really no cruelty for us to take them away." "There is a nest of wood-pigeons at this moment," said George, "upon the single old pine-tree at the north edge of the park. It will be an easy matter to procure a pair of young birds for Miss Harriet." Harriet looked down, and was thoughtful a moment. "No," said she at length, "I do not think that we could ever tame them. George, you need not take any trouble about it. That tree—I think I know it—is a branchless and dangerous one." No farther conversation passed upon the subject, as the college chum of Frank then came and joined his friend and sister, and the whole three set off on an excursion. George followed them with his eyes as long as they were visible. "Miss Harriet does wish to have these birds, and she shall have them," thought he to himself, as he slowly turned away from the spot.

Early on the ensuing morning George Dale was at the spot frequented by wood-pigeons; and what was the result of that visit, was discovered by another person shortly afterwards. Harriet Blakely, whether from the consciousness that she had never expressed a wish which George did not attempt to gratify, or from some other motive, directed her steps on that very morning to the same spot. As she approached it, a young wood-pigeon crept across the path, almost at her feet. A flutter of pleased surprise agitated her breast, as she hastened to lift, but with tender hands, the poor little creature. "How fortunate!" thought she; "there will be no occasion now for taking any risk about these birds." She little knew at what cost the young bird had been brought down from its nest; but she soon learnt the truth. Approaching the tree, she saw with horror the form of George Dale stretched apparently lifeless at the foot of its trunk, with a thick but rotten branch by his side, telling too plainly the story of his fall. The young lady rushed in an agony of alarm to his side. All was forgotten by her at that moment but the spectacle before her. Feelings, long concealed, almost unrecognised by herself, found then instantaneous vent. "George! dear, dear George!" exclaimed she, raising his head, and pressing her lips repeatedly to his pale brow—"Oh, Heaven! he has killed himself to serve me—to gratify a trifling wish of mine! I shall die also—I cannot live after him! George, dear George, speak to me!" In this manner did the young lady express the wild and agonised feelings with which she beheld the condition of the companion of her childhood. Ere long, he regained his senses, for he had but swooned through pain, his shoulder being dislocated by his fall; and he recovered in time to become fully aware of the secret of Harriet's heart, disclosed in the moments of her distress. At first, he felt as if he could have borne all the pain of his accident, and have again shut his eyes, to hear her voice and her expressions a little longer; but his better nature regained the ascendancy, and even in that moment he called to mind his own station and hers. He roused himself to assure her that his hurt was comparatively slight, and that if he could but get a little assistance, he would be able to walk home. At first, she would have had him to lean upon her own arm for support, but at length, directed by him, she went to the nearest cottage for other assistance. She soon returned with two or three of the cottagers, but it was with a quieter step, and with a cheek coloured by reflection on the events of the past half hour.

George Dale was carried home, and for some time afterwards was confined through the consequences of his accident. While he was in these circumstances, the Blakelys were very kind to him, as indeed all of them had ever been. It was at that period, too, that from conversations with Frank and others who visited his sick couch, he learnt something which interested

him deeply. The young gentleman who had visited Blakely Hall with Frank, having gone home and received his father's sanction, returned to the Hall, and proposed for the hand of Harriet. To the surprise, and also to the regret of her mother and brother, who thought the match an excellent one, the suitor being of good character, and heir to an extensive estate, Harriet gave him a decided refusal, and, in place of any satisfactory explanation, made matters worse by begging her brother and Mrs. Blakely never again to entertain any thoughts of marriage for her in future. When George Dale heard of this, and listened to the confidential regrets of Frank upon the subject, a struggle took place in his bosom. After what had passed on the morning of his accident, he could not but feel and believe that Harriet loved himself. The thought excited a mixture of emotions, but the mental contention within ended in a firm resolve to sacrifice every thing for the peace of the family to which he owed so much. He determined to quit Blakely Hall; and, as he could not quit it without giving a reason, he resolved to explain the true cause to Frank, only hinting at that as a suspicion, which he himself was almost inclined to think a certainty.

As soon as he had recovered from his illness, he sought an interview with Frank, and made his intended communication. Young Blakely was much affected by the disinterested integrity of his early playmate. "Would to Heaven, George," said he, "that you were her equal in station, or any thing near to it. I could not desire her happiness to be in better hands. But as it is, the thing is out of the question. You have done rightly, and nobly!" "Nothing but my simple duty—nothing but what gratitude commanded me to do," said George. "But you shall not lose by it," continued Frank; "if I, if my friends, have the slightest influence in the world, you shall not lose by your conduct."

Frank Blakely did not forget his promise. He exerted himself so earnestly with the member for the county, that a situation in one of the public offices was procured for George Dale, and, to enter on it, he quitted Blakely Hall. For the next five years, his career was a most prosperous one, and deservedly so; for his industry was unremitting, and his talents of no mean order. At the end of the period mentioned, the steps which he had ascended one by one had brought him into possession of a very handsome income, and given him a respectable and gentlemanly station in the world. During the interval following his departure from Blakely Hall, he had heard nothing of its inmates, excepting that Mrs. Blakely, his kind patroness, had died. In what condition Harriet was, whether single or wedded, he had not learned. But he himself had not forgotten the past, and it was therefore with an anxious and fluttering heart that he perused a letter, which at length came to him from Frank Blakely, inviting him to visit the Hall as a guest and friend. The note was brief, and entered into no particulars. George lost as little time as possible in accepting the invitation, and speedily followed up that acceptance by presenting himself at the gates of the well-known abode of his youth.

He was received in the first instance by Frank alone, and the latter entered at once into a conversation most interesting to his guest. "My dear George, Harriet is yet unmarried. She has refused all offers since you left us, in so decided a way, that I have at last become convinced that she either resolutely prefers the unmarried state, or still clings to the remembrance of yourself. The subject is a delicate one, and I have had no explanations with her; but I must tell you that she constantly expresses a wish to remain single, and, as she is quite cheerful, though not very gay, she may in this speak the truth. But you are now in a respectable position in life, and were you even in one less so, I could not see my only sister's chance of earthly happiness, if it does depend on a union with you, thrown away. I learnt that you were still unmarried, and now you have my full sanction in addressing Harriet, if you choose it. But be not too confident; I tell you again that she ever expresses a wish to remain single." George thanked his young patron most warmly, and confessed that the feelings which had made his former position most trying, were still predominant in his breast. "But be not too confident," repeated Frank with a smile, as George concluded his avowal.

George and Harriet were left to themselves for some moments that evening, and then was seen another proof of the wide applicability of Benedict's reasoning—"When I said I would die single, I did not think I should live till I were married." Harriet Blakely had had much the same meaning in her declarations. George Dale had been her first and only love. Thrown into his society in childhood, she had loved him ere she knew what distinctions of rank were, or at least before she could appreciate them. When George made the offer of his heart and hand, she accepted it with a blushing joy, proportioned to its unexpectedness. So ends our story. It hath a moral, or rather a double moral. It tells parents, in the first instance, that, if they would not have the young to form connexions out of their station, they must guard against opportunities being given for it, and remember that there is a sort of free-masonry in youth, which takes no cognisance of social inequalities. Ere the consciousness of these is acquired, the affections may be irrevocably engaged. But our little story has also a more pleasing moral; for we find in it self-command,

disinterestedness, and high principle displayed under the most trying circumstances, and in the long run rewarded in the most appropriate manner—namely, by the prize which had been so nobly rejected, when it could not be accepted with honour.*

MRS BRAY'S SWITZERLAND.

MRS BRAY, well known as the author of an elegant and tasteful work of English topography, and of several romances, has now presented the public with a very agreeable book upon Switzerland—one of those light chatty chronicles of what can now be scarcely called foreign travel, with which the press of these modern days so much abounds. Without phrase, we propose to trip with still lighter footsteps along a portion at least of the path trod by this amiable lady. Accompanied by her husband and nephew, Mrs Bray left the pleasant vicarage of Tavistock in the middle of the year 1839, and crossed over to Ostend, whence, after traversing some of the Rhenish provinces, of which a very interesting account is given (partly by our authoress and partly by her husband), the travellers passed into Switzerland, the main end and object of their journey. On the borders of Lake Zug, and near the mountain of Pilatus, Mrs Bray saw the Roseberg, a hill 4958 feet in height, and famous for its instability. Portions of it have fallen at different times, but the most remarkable fall was one which the work before us thus describes:—

"The spring and summer of 1806 had been very rainy: new fissures were observed in the Roseberg; and a cracking noise, that seemed to be within the mountain, was distinctly heard. On the 2d day of September, in the same year, a large portion fell, and soon after a yet larger fissure was observed: many other extraordinary appearances gave indications of the awful catastrophe that was so near at hand; for the neighbouring springs ceased to flow, the pine-trees became violently agitated, and reeled to and fro, as the birds fled from them screaming. A little before five o'clock in the afternoon, the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly, as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. A young man, who was in the act of escaping, gave notice of the danger to an old peasant who had often foretold the calamity that was now about to overwhelm him; yet he very quietly observed there would be time to light another pipe—he had been smoking; and turning back into his cottage to do so, the friend who had given him the warning saw the house carried away in another moment! Surely this peasant must have been a German by birth—no other than a German could have thought of his pipe at such a crisis.

But the most striking of all the incidents connected with this memorable event, was that of the fate of Francisca Ulrich and the child Marianne. These are the particulars:—The husband and two of the children of the family had escaped from their dwelling, when the wife turned back in the hope to save another child: as she did so, the servant, Francisca Ulrich, was crossing the room with the little girl Marianne, whom she held by her hand.

At that moment (Francisca afterwards declared) the house, which, like all Swiss cottages, was built of wood, appeared to be suddenly torn up from its foundation, and spun round and round like a top. Sometimes she was on her head, then on her feet, whilst the child had been separated from her in the most violent manner. When the motion ceased, she found herself in total darkness, jammed in on all sides, and in great pain from the blows she had suffered during the convulsion of the shock. She believed herself to be buried alive at a great depth in the earth, and with difficulty disengaged her hand to wipe the blood from her eyes.

Whilst in this dreadful state, she heard the cries of a child, and soon found it was poor little Marianne, whose moans had reached her ears. The child answered to her calls, that she was lying on her back among stones and bushes, and that she could see the light; she could only move her hands, and inquired if some one would not come to take her out. Francisca assured her that it was the day of judgment, and that they should both die and go to heaven. They prayed together.

At length Francisca heard the sound of a bell: she knew it came from a neighbouring village, and soon after she heard the church clock strike seven. This raised her hopes, and she endeavoured to comfort the child. But she soon ceased to hear her cry, and remained herself in the same most perilous position, her head downwards, her feet raised, and so cramped with cold, that had she not at last succeeded in disengaging them from the surrounding heaps, she thought she must have died.

Many hours passed in this dreadful agony of mind and body: again she heard the cries of Marianne, on the child awaking from the sleep into which she had fallen in the midst of all her sufferings. The father of the unfortunate girl had been seeking with diligence, among the wreck and ruins around him, his wife, an infant, and the child Marianne. The two former he discovered dead; and his cries meeting the ear of his little daughter, she called out to him to

save her. He did so, but her thigh was found to be broken. She told him Francisca was not far off, and the unfortunate woman was speedily rescued. But so much was she injured, that for many days her life was despaired of, and ever after, she remained subject to convulsive fits.

The house in which Francisca and Marianne were at the time of the fall, had been carried down the side of the mountain about 1500 feet! Their preservation was miraculous, and must alone be ascribed to Him who can save to the utmost, in this world or in the next, with that love and mercy which is over all His works.

Another striking instance of the peculiar providence which watches over infancy, was also seen in another place, where a child but two years old was found perfectly uninjured, lying on a straw mattress upon the mud, whilst the house from which it had been thrown was utterly destroyed, not a vestige of it being left.

On the fall of the mountain, such a quantity of earth and stones was plunged into the lake of Lowertz, five miles distant, that it caused the water to rise at the moment to such a height, that a wave passed completely over the island of Schwann, seventy feet above its ordinary level; a chapel, built of wood, was carried half a league from its place, and vast rocks were moved from their original station, whilst a whole village was inundated by the rush of the waters from the lake, whose waves had swept over the island. But the most fearful scene of this catastrophe took place at Goldau, a village near Arth, of which nothing was left but the bell that hung in the steeple of the church. Not only did the inhabitants of the village perish, but also a party of travellers, under the most melancholy circumstances. They were strangers, and had arrived at Arth for the purpose of visiting the Righi. They set off on foot for their excursion; seven of them had advanced about two hundred yards ahead. The remaining four saw them entering the village of Goldau. One of the four pointed to the summit of the Roseberg (the mountain was four miles distant), where some strange commotion seemed to be in progress; and whilst they were endeavouring to ascertain what it was with the telescope, on a sudden a flight of stones, as if discharged from cannon, traversed the air above their heads, a cloud of dust overspread the valley, and the most terrific noise was heard. They fled in terror and amazement, when the temporary obscurity which this awful phenomenon had spread around disappeared; the valley, which a few minutes before was beautiful in itself and cheerful in its habitation, presented nothing but a chaos of misery and ruin; the whole village of Goldau was buried one hundred feet beneath a pile of stones and rubbish! The remaining four of the party, bent on an innocent enjoyment, had seen indeed the last of their fellow-travellers, for not even their bodies could be discovered under such a dismal heap—now the grave of their friends and that of the unfortunate inhabitants of the valley.

Many of the rocks thrown from the Roseberg in this most dreadful fall, were actually cast a great way up the Righi: 'its base,' says Dr Zay, 'is covered with large blocks, carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down as they might have been by cannon. A long track of ruins, like a scarf, hangs from the shoulder of the Roseberg, in hideous barrenness, over the rich dress of shaggy woods and green pastures, and grows wider and wider down to the lake of Lowertz and to the Righi, a distance of four or five miles.'

Mrs Bray of course could not pass through Switzerland without thinking and hearing of William Tell, and in referring to him, she notices a circumstance of a remarkable kind. The story of his being forced by the tyrant Gessler to shoot at an apple placed on his own son's head, is told, it seems, of a Dane who lived at a much earlier period, by the chronicler Saxo-Græmmaticus. But certainly, though this adds another to the many proofs that there is nothing new under the sun, no actual discredit is thrown by it on the story told of Tell. The idea of so trying the nerves of a renowned archer, is one likely to have occurred to any tyrant and enemy; and it is even possible that Gessler may have heard of the old story, and may have been so incited to the act of cruelty recorded of him.

Mrs Bray has some interesting observations on Geneva. "On entering it (says she), we were struck with what every traveller cannot fail to observe—the deep indigo blue of the Rhone, the river which runs past its walls. Certainly the first view of Geneva is very striking. The houses that look towards the lake are lofty and well-built; many parts of the city are also picturesque, and the distant mountains give a noble finish to the scene.

Among the first things that here arrested our attention, were the washerwomen. There was a very long shed, roofed, and placed in the river, close to the banks. In this shed there were, I verily believe, more than a hundred washerwomen, all hard at work—all spattering, each with a wooden spatter in her hands, at the clothes they were thus washing in the river. Indeed, the various modes of washing on the continent might make an amusing chapter in any tour.

This operation is always performed out of doors, in a stream, rivulet, or river; consequently the water is cold, and does not well clean the linen. Sometimes the clothes to be spattered are laid on a board, or a part of an old tree, or on a large stone, and there they

are thumped as hard as hands can lay on. Then, when thus extended, a quantity of a very coarse and offensive soap, that smells like bad spermæci, is rubbed over them. Next they undergo a second spattering, previous to being dipped in the river and squeezed out for drying. Sometimes the women tuck their clothes up round them, and stand, without shoes or stockings, in the water, whilst they perform this piece of manual exercise over the linen. At others, they kneel on a heap of straw on the water's edge; and at Lausanne we saw the curious sight of several women afloat in their tubs, and washing the clothes outside of them in the river, instead of using the tub after the more ordinary fashion. The linen which undergoes these various modes of ablution is all abominably ill washed."

The volumes before us describe the scenery around Mont Blanc, and the *Mer de Glace*, or immense "frozen sea," existing among its rugged peaks. This forms a stupendous spectacle. "The *Mer de Glace* is situated in an immense gulf, or ravine, among the mountains that congregate around Mont Blanc, and in fact are a part of it, at least of its range. From the spot where we now stood, on the summit of the Montanvert, we could look down into this frozen gorge, as it lay about two hundred feet below our stand; and we could look up to it to an extent of about two leagues, or six English miles. It is about a mile and a half in breadth; but from its extent, and the colossal proportions of every surrounding object, you are completely deceived—you look down upon it, and fancy it no great breadth, that you could walk over so short a distance with the greatest ease: it is not till you descend, and are almost upon it, that you begin to comprehend the extent and difficulty of the way.

All this gulf I have described is filled with great blocks of ice, so tossed about and so split, that they may very well be compared to immense billows; as if the sea, in a violent storm, had been suddenly arrested in its agitation, and petrified in every uplifted wave. The character of the *Mer de Glace* is truly wonderful; though so silent and motionless, it seems as if but awaiting the disenchanting spell of some Prospero's wand, to rush forward in all the tumult of a living sea. It lies in the centre of a natural amphitheatre, surrounded by the tremendous precipices and the cloud-piercing pinnacles of numberless mountain summits. On the opposite side arises vertically, at a height of some thousand feet, the magnificent granite peak called L'Aiguille de Dru. Beyond this inaccessible summit, where not even the mountain birds wing their way, is seen, towering with yet greater majesty, the stupendous granite pinnacles of L'Aiguille Verte. These rise thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and *seven thousand* above the *Mer de Glace*, of which they may be truly said to form the sublimest feature."

SHOULD WORKING-PEOPLE BE EDUCATED?

FIRST ARTICLE.

AN official work of deep interest, "Report to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor-Law Commissioners, on the Training of Pauper Children," has lately been put in circulation; and a copy having fallen into our hands, we propose to offer a few extracts from the more interesting parts of the volume.

The first paper, to which we shall at present confine our attention, is "the evidence of employers of labourers on the influence of training and education on the value of workmen, and on the comparative eligibility of educated and uneducated workmen for employment, taken by Mr Chadwick." This subject, it will be perceived, embraces one of the most important questions now agitated—the education or non-education of the working-classes; and therefore the testimony of practical men, which is here brought forward, cannot fail to be peculiarly acceptable. The first person examined is Albert G. Escher, Esq., one of the partners in the firm of Escher, Wyss, and Co., machine-makers at Zurich in Switzerland, and also proprietors of cotton-mills in the Tyrol and in Italy. The firm employs from six to eight hundred men in the machine-making establishment at Zurich, and about five hundred men in the cotton-factories, besides giving employment of a miscellaneous kind elsewhere. With this preliminary information, we allow Mr Escher to answer the questions put to him.

"Are the working people whom you employ, or have employed, in Switzerland, natives of that country?—No; partly Swiss, partly Germans of all the different states—Saxons, Wurtembergers, and others; partly French, some few Danes, some Norwegians, some Poles, some Bohemians, some Hungarians, some English and Scotch, and some Dutch.

Have the numbers of the different classes of workmen and the constancy of their employment been such as to enable you to discern their national characteristics?—Yes; I think I have had very full opportunities of distinguishing their various characters, which I have had moreover opportunities of observing and studying in their own countries, in several of which I have conducted works.

Do you find these various classes distinguished by various conditions of natural intelligence, or of quick-

* The reader will find the outline of this true story in the "Lounge's Commonplace Book."

† The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland; with Descriptive Sketches of other parts of the Continent. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1841.

ness and perspicuity of understanding!—Yes; I find very great differences amongst them.

In what order do you class the workmen of various nations in respect to such natural intelligence as may be distinguished from any intelligence imparted by the labours of the schoolmaster?—I class the Italians first; next the French; and the northern nations very much on a par.

Do you include the English as of the northern family?—Yes, I do.

What are the more particular natural characteristics of the several classes of workmen?—The Italians' quickness of perception is shown in rapidly comprehending any new descriptions of labour put into their hands, of quickly comprehending the meaning of their employer, of adapting themselves to new circumstances, much beyond what any other classes have. The French workmen have the like natural characteristics, only in a somewhat lower degree. The English, Swiss, German, and Dutch workmen, we find, have all much slower natural comprehension.

What, however, do you find to be the differences of acquirements imparted by specific training and education?—As workmen only, the preference is undoubtedly due to the English; because, as we find them, they are all trained to special branches, on which they have had comparatively superior training and have concentrated all their thoughts. As men of business, or of general usefulness, and as men with whom an employer would best like to be surrounded, I should, however, decidedly prefer the Saxons and the Swiss, but more especially the Saxons, because they have had a very careful general education, which has extended their capacities beyond any special employment, and rendered them fit to take up, after a short preparation, any employment to which they may be called. If I have an English workman engaged in the erection of a steam-engine, he will understand that and nothing else; he will understand only his steam-engine, and for other branches of mechanics, however closely allied, he will be comparatively helpless to adapt himself to all the circumstances that may arise, to make arrangements for them, and give sound advice or write clear statements and letters on his works in the various related branches of mechanics.

Will the workman with the better general education, or the Saxon, with the same special opportunities as the English workman, get before him?—In general he will. The Saxon or the educated workman will, under the same circumstances, much sooner advance, and become a foreman or manager. In other words, he will be found by his employer more generally useful.

But is the superior general usefulness of the Saxon, or workman of superior education, accompanied by any distinction of superiority as to moral habits?—Decidedly so. The better educated workmen, we find, are distinguished by superior moral habits in every respect. In the first place, they are entirely sober; they are discreet in their enjoyments, which are of a more rational and refined kind; they are more refined themselves, and they have a taste for much better society, which they approach respectfully, and consequently find much readier admittance to it; they cultivate music; they read; they enjoy the pleasures of scenery, and make parties for excursions into the country; they are economical, and their economy extends beyond their own purse to the stock of their master; they are consequently honest and trustworthy. The effects of the deficiency of education is most strongly marked in the Italians, who, with the advantage of superior natural capacity, are of the lowest class of workmen, though they comprehend clearly and quickly, as I have stated, any simple proposition made or explanation given to them, and are enabled quickly to execute any kind of work when they have seen it performed once; yet their minds, as I imagine from want of development by training or school education, seem to have no kind of logic, no power of systematic arrangement, no capacity for collecting any series of observations and making sound inductions from the whole of them. This want of the capacity of mental arrangement is shown in their manual operations. An Italian will execute a simple operation with great dexterity; but when a number of them are put together, all is confusion: they cannot arrange their respective parts in a complicated operation, and are comparatively inefficient except under a very powerful control. As an example of this, I may mention that within a few years after the first introduction of cotton-spinning in Naples, in the year 1830, the spinners produced twenty-four hanks of cotton-yarn from No. 16 to 20 per spindle, which is equal to the production of the best English hands; and yet up to this time not one of the Neapolitan operatives is advanced far enough to take the superintendence of the operations of a single room, the superintendents being all northerners, who, though much less gifted by nature, have obtained a higher degree of order or arrangement imparted to their minds by a superior education. This example is derived from a new branch of industry; others have come within my experience in branches of industry in which the Italians excel, such as in masons' work. I look on the Neapolitans individually as being the most skilful masons in Europe. When, however, they are employed in numbers and concentrated masses, the same want of what I call logical arrangement again becomes perceptible, and I have constantly been obliged to employ as superintendents, northerners, such as the better educated Swiss and Germans, who,

though inferior in personal ability, were from education fit to arrange and control the work with forethought and system. These observations apply to the Neapolitan workmen. Those in the north of Italy, chiefly in Lombardy, who have a better education, join forethought and arrangement to their natural capacity, and in those employments in which they have much experience, such as agriculture, road-making, and canal-digging, they are equal, if not superior, to the workmen of any nation, as must be evident to those persons who observed the skill and expedition with which the Alpine passes, and that masterpiece of civil engineering, the road along the Lake of Como, and other similar works, were executed.

Are the Lombards higher in the scale of morals than the Neapolitans?—Yes, decidedly higher; although the education in Lombardy is not in any wise to be spoken of as high, but only as of a higher order than the Neapolitan.

Have you had any Scotch workmen in your employment?—Yes, we have had several.

What are their characteristics?—We find that they get on much better on the continent than the English, which I ascribe chiefly to their better education, which renders it easier for them to adapt themselves to circumstances, and especially in getting on better with their fellow-workmen and all the people with whom they come in contact. Knowing their own language grammatically, they have comparatively good facility in acquiring foreign languages. They have a great taste for reading, and always endeavour to advance themselves in respectable society, which makes them careful of their conduct, and eager to acquire such knowledge as may render themselves acceptable to better classes.

Do you find these Scotch workmen equal to the northern Germans and Saxons?—As workmen they may, on account of their special and technical education, be superior; but as men, in their general social condition, they are not so refined, and have lower tastes; they are lower in school-education, and have less general information, than the Saxons or other northern Germans.

In what system of education have the Saxons been brought up?—In the Prussian system, or one similar, which is also the system in which the younger people in Switzerland are brought up.

In the free cantons of Switzerland is the education national and compulsory?—In the Protestant cantons it is entirely so. No child can be employed in any manufactory until it has passed through the primary schools; and it is further under the obligation of attending the secondary schools until its sixteenth or seventeenth year. And under all circumstances, and for every description of employment, it is obligatory on parents to send their children to the public schools until they are absolved from the obligation by an examination as to the sufficiency of the education.

Are the observations you have made on the Saxons applicable to the Prussian workmen generally?—From what I have heard, and from some few opportunities I have had of observing them, I believe they are; but my opportunities of observation as to the Prussians have not been ample. The Prussians very seldom leave their country.

What are the characters of the Dutch workmen whom you employ?—Those workmen whom we employ are all shipbuilders; like the English, they are quite specially trained; their education is not of a very high order, but very sound, and decidedly superior to the English. It is an education in which economy, domestic and public respectability of conduct, is particularly enforced; and we have found them to be particularly honest, economical, orderly, and trustworthy men.

In respect to order and docility, what have you found to be the rank of your English workmen?—Whilst in respect to the work to which they have been specially trained, they are the most skilful, they are in conduct the most disorderly, debauched, and unruly, and least respectable and trustworthy of any nation whatsoever whom we have employed (and in saying this, I express the experience of every manufacturer on the continent to whom I have spoken, and especially of the English manufacturers, who make the loudest complaints). These characteristics of depravity do not apply to the English workmen who have received an education, but attach to the others in the degree in which they are in want of it. When the uneducated English workmen are released from the bonds of iron discipline in which they have been restrained by their employers in England, and are treated with the urbanity and friendly feeling which the more educated workmen on the continent expect and receive from their employers, they, the English workmen, completely lose their balance: they do not understand their position, and, after a certain time, become totally unmanageable and useless. The educated English workmen in a short time comprehend their position, and adopt an appropriate behaviour.

Skilful workmen in England being often distinguished for their debauched habits, it has been supposed that their habits of excess were only the manifestation of the spirit to which their superiority as workmen was attributable, and that any refinement produced by education would be injurious to them as workmen, rather than otherwise. Is such an opinion conformable to the conclusions derivable from your own experience or observation?—My own experience, and my conversation with eminent mechanics in

different parts of Europe, leads me to an entirely opposite conclusion. In the present state of manufactures, where so much is done by machinery and tools, and so little is done by mere brute labour (and that little is diminishing), mental superiority, system, order, and punctuality and good conduct—qualities all developed and promoted by education—are becoming of the highest consequence. There are now, I consider, few enlightened manufacturers who will dissent from the opinion, that the workshops peopled with the greatest number of educated and well-informed workmen, will turn out the greatest quantity of the best work in the best manner.

What are the characters of the English workmen as inhabitants, and how are they received by the inhabitants of Zurich?—The uneducated English workmen were so disagreeable as lodgers, having such disorderly and bad habits, spoiling the rooms, emptying vessels out of the windows, offending the people in the streets, contravening the police regulations, and rendering their interference necessary for the preservation of the peace, that they find it difficult to get lodgings, and are obliged to pay more for them. Such extra charges they call impositions. I am sorry to say that some of the best description of the English workmen do not take so high a standing as foreign workmen who only receive £50 a-year. One of the most superior of the English workmen, to whom we gave £5 a-week wages, had so lowly-bred and educated a family (he came from Oldham, where they are notorious for the want of education) that this salary scarcely sufficed for his expenses. We had the greatest difficulty to procure for himself and his family lodgings; and we have had constant complaints respecting the family from the landlords, such as we have never had respecting any foreigners. I am far from saying that we have no disorderly or debauched foreign workmen, but these always belong to a lower educated, a lower skilled, and a lower paid class. When foreign workmen rise in pecuniary condition to an equality with the English workmen, they always rise in respectability of condition and behaviour. A Saxon or Swiss foreman, or overlooker, with £120 a-year, will be with his family respectably dressed, live in a respectable house, and his table will be provided with good though simple food; his children will be well educated, he will himself frequent museums or casinos, or other respectable and comparatively intellectual places of resort, and lay by perhaps £20 a-year; whereas an English overlooker of the lower description will live in a less respectable manner in every way; he will live in a worse house, that house will be dirtier, he will frequent common wine-houses, and be consequently in a much lower scale of society, and expend at least £150 a-year; and when work fails, he will be in a state of destitution. From the accounts which pass through my hands, I invariably find that the best educated of our work-people manage to live in the most respectable manner at the least expense, or make their money go the farthest in obtaining comforts. This applies equally to the work-people of all nations that have come under my observation; the Saxons, and the Dutch, and the Swiss being, however, decidedly the most saving, without stinting themselves in their comforts, or failing in general respectability. With regard to the English, I may say that the educated workmen are the only ones who save money out of their very large wages. By education I may say that I throughout mean not merely instruction in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but better general mental development; the acquisition of better tastes, and of mental amusements and enjoyments which are cheaper, whilst they are more refined. The most educated of our British workmen is a Scotch engineer, a single man, who has a salary of £3 a-week, or £150 per year, of which he spends about one-half; he lives in very respectable lodgings, he is always well dressed, he frequents reading-rooms, he subscribes to a circulating library, purchases mathematical instruments, studies German, and has every rational enjoyment. We have an English workman, a single man, also of the same standing, who has the same wages, also a very orderly and sober person; but as his education does not open to him the resource of mental enjoyment, he spends his evenings and Sundays in wine-houses, because he cannot find other sources of amusement, which presuppose a better education, and he spends his whole pay, or one-half more than the other. The extra expenditure of the workman of lower education of £75 a-year, arises entirely, as far as I can judge, from inferior arrangement, and the comparatively higher cost of the more sensual enjoyment in the wine-house. The wine-houses which he frequents may be equal to the better public-houses in England.

Do you ever detect any pilfering amongst your work-people?—Comparatively infrequent, and when we do, it is invariably amongst the class which is the lowest in education.

Do you change your English workmen more frequently than any other class?—Yes; the uneducated ones invariably get into bad habits in a very short time, and we are in consequence compelled to change them very frequently, which is not at all our general practice.

[NOTE.—Mr Escher, shortly after giving the above information, returned to Zurich with his wife, an English lady whom he had recently married. On their arrival they were welcomed by the great body of his workmen, who spontaneously assembled, and presented him with a well-written congratulatory ad-

dress. Parties of the workmen of each nation made marriage presents, consisting of some piece of art or specimen of skill in their respective branches of workmanship; the English workmen alone looked idly on, and offered no mark of attention or civility.]^{*}

The evidence of other manufacturers will form the subject of a subsequent article.

AN IRISH WEDDING.*

WHEN the match is made, it becomes necessary for the bridegroom to obtain a certificate from the parish priest that he is free to contract marriage with any woman equally free from canonical bonds or impediments; to this a fee is always attached, we believe five shillings. He must also procure from the bishop or vicar-general, a license to marry, to which also a fee is attached, of seven shillings and sixpence. This being done, he repairs with his bride to the house of her parish priest, accompanied by his and her friends, as many as they can muster, and, before he is married, pays down to the priest the marriage fee according to his circumstances. The friends of both parties are also called upon to pay down something; and between their reluctance to meet the demand, and the priest's refusal to marry them till he is satisfied, a scene, sometimes humorous and sometimes discreditable, often arises. If the bride's father or brother be a "strong" farmer, who can afford to furnish a good dinner, the marriage takes place at the bride's house, the bridegroom bringing with him as many of his friends as choose to accompany him. The same process as to money takes place here, and it is not uncommon for the collection to amount to twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty or fifty pounds, where the parties are comfortable, and have a long line of followers. The ceremony is in Latin what, or nearly what, the Church of England ceremony is in English, and the priest closes it by saying, "Give your wife the kiss of peace." A struggle often ensues for this kiss (the first kiss?) between some young wag of the party and the bridegroom—the latter generally surrendering it good-humouredly. The priests, in some instances, discountenance, and in others overlook, the practice. We have seen a priest give a severe slap on the face to a young fellow who attempted to snatch the kiss.

The time most in favour for celebrating weddings is just before Lent. The guests are always numerous, and consist of all ranks, from the lord and lady of the manor, through the intermediate grades of gentlemen, "squires," farmers, down to the common labourer—wives of course included. Perfect equality prevails on this occasion, and yet the natural courtesy of the Irish character prevents any disturbance of social order—every one keeps his place, while, at the same time, the utmost freedom reigns. The dinner is, as we have intimated, usually at the expense of the bride's family; and as nothing is spared in procuring the materials—and the neighbouring gentry allow their cooks, &c., to assist, and lend dinner services, &c.—it is always "got up" in the best style. The priest sits at the head of the table; near him the bride and bridegroom, the coadjutors of the clergyman, and the more respectable guests; the other guests occupy the remainder of the table, which extends the whole length of the barn, in which the dinner generally takes place.

Immediately on the cloth being removed, the priest marries the young couple, and then the bridecake is brought in and placed before the priest, who, putting on his stole, blesses it, and cuts it up into small slices, which are handed round on a large dish among the guests, generally by one of the coadjutors. Each guest takes a slice of the cake, and lays down in place of it a donation for the priest, consisting of pounds, crowns, or shillings, according to the ability of the donor. After that, wine and punch go round as at any ordinary dinner-party. In the course of an hour or so, part of the range of tables is removed, and the musicians (consisting, usually, of a piper and a fiddler), who, during the dinner, had been playing some of the more slow and plaintive of the national airs, now strike up, and the dance immediately commences. First, single parties dance reels, jigs, and doubles.* Country dances now succeed, in which, as in the single dances, priest and laic, old and young, rich and poor, the master and his maid, the landlord and his tenant's daughter, as well as the landlord's daughter and his tenant's son—all join together without distinction. Yet it is pleasing to observe how the poor peasants return, on such occasions, the condescension of their superiors with additional respect. During the intervals of the dance, drinking is, or rather was, resumed; and though on these occasions it was often carried to excess, we never knew, nor ever met any one who knew, of any thing like a quarrel taking place at a country wedding. Indeed, we have seen people who, as the saying goes, were "wicked in their liker" get intoxicated at these joyous festivals without manifesting ill-temper—on the contrary, they have been remarkably entertaining, as if the general harmony had expelled the demon of discord. Songs are also sung both in English and Irish.

The Irish words of one of them were given to us by a friend, accompanied by a literal translation; we have endeavoured to return them to verse. They are sung to the well-known air, "Shule Aron":—

"Oh, have you seen my Norah Fay?
She's left me all the sad long day,
Alone to sing a weary lay:
Come, come, come, my love,
Come quietly, come—come stealthily
Beside the door and away with me,
And may my love come safe."

* This last is a species of dance very difficult to describe—it is, however, the male partner who "shows off" in it: the best idea we can give of it is, that it consists in striking the ground very rapidly with the heel and toe, or with the toes of each foot alternately. The perfection of this motion consists, besides its rapidity, in the *feror* with which it is performed. A stranger, not hearing the music and seeing only the dancer, would be likely to imagine he was killing a rat; nor would it be very safe to have this dance performed by a stout fellow on a crazy loft.

You'll know her by her raven hair,
Her deep blue eye, her forehead fair,
Her step and laugh that banish care;
Come, come, come, my love, &c.

In form you may her semblance find,
But none like her, of womankind,
If you can see her heart and mind;
Come, come, come, my love, &c.

Oh, bring to me my Norah Fay,
For hours are days when she's away;
The sun looks dark, and sweet birds say,
Come, come, come, my love,

Come quietly, come—come stealthily
Beside the door and away with me,
And may my love come safe."

In the course of the night, a collection is made for "the music," and another for the poor. The dancing generally continues till morning, when the first intimation of breaking up is the dancing of the figure called "Sir Roger De Coverley." As soon as that dance is over, all the more timid part of the female guests slip out of the barn to avoid the *finale*, which is as follows:—The music striking up the quadrille air called "Voulez-vous danser," a "gentleman" goes round with a handkerchief, which he throws around the neck of any "lady" he chooses, falls on his knees, gently pulls her down and kisses her; then giving her the handkerchief, continues a kind of trot round the barn. The lady does the same with any gentleman she likes, and giving him the handkerchief, catches the first gentleman by the skirts of the coat, and trots after him around the barn. This is done alternately by all present, until all the young men and women are trotting round, catching hold of each other as in the play of "Chickens come cluck." They then form a ring around the last person who has the handkerchief, who selects a lady or gentleman, as the case may be, and after another salutation, leads his or her partner to a seat. This is done until the whole circle is broken up; and thus terminates a country wedding.—*Mr and Mrs Hall's Ireland, now publishing in monthly parts.*

BATTLE SCENE AT TALAVERA.

THE following vivid account of a stricken field in modern warfare, is given in a lately published number of the "Life of Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," by Harry Lorrequer**—an off-hand series of sketches of a popular character.

"Having been dispatched to the rear with orders for General Crawford, I did not reach Talavera till the morning of the 28th. Two days' hard fighting had left the contending armies still face to face, and without any decided advantage on either side.

When I arrived upon the battle-field, the combat of the morning was over. It was then ten o'clock, and the troops were at breakfast, if the few ounces of wheat, sparingly dealt out amongst them, could be dignified by that name. All was, however, life and animation on every side: the merry laugh, the passing jest, the careless look, bespoke the free and daring character of the soldiery, as they sat in groups upon the grass; and, except when a fatigue party passed by, bearing some wounded comrade to the rear, no touch of seriousness rested upon their hardy features. The morning was indeed a glorious one: a sky of unclouded blue stretched above a landscape unsurpassed in loveliness. Far to the right, rolled on in placid stream the broad Tagus, bathing in its eddies the very walls of Talavera, the ground from which, to our position, gently undulated across a plain of most fertile richness, and terminated, on our extreme left, in a bold height, protected in front by a ravine, and flanked by a deep and rugged valley.

The Spaniards occupied the right of the line, connecting with our troops at a rising ground, upon which a strong redoubt had been hastily thrown up. The fourth division and the guards were stationed here, next to whom came Cameron's brigade and the Germans; Mackenzie and Hill holding the extreme left of all, which might be called the key of our position. In the valley beneath the latter were picquetted three cavalry regiments, among which I was not long in detecting my gallant friends of the twenty-third.

As I rode rapidly past, saluting some old familiar face at each moment, I could not help feeling struck at the evidence of the desperate battle that so lately had raged there. The whole surface of the hill was one mass of dead and dying; the bear-skin of the French grenadier lying side by side with the tartan of the Highlander. Deep furrows in the soil showed the track of the furious cannonade, and the terrible evidences of a bayonet-charge were written in the mangled corpses around.

The fight had been maintained without any intermission from daybreak till near nine o'clock that morning, and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful; the mounds of fresh earth on every side told of the soldier's sepulchre, and the unceasing tramp of the pioneers struck sadly upon the ear, as the groans

of the wounded blended with the funeral sounds around them.

In front were drawn up the dark legions of France; massive columns of infantry, with dense bodies of artillery alternating along the line. They, too, occupied a gently rising ground; the valley between the two armies being crossed half way by a little rivulet, and here, during the sultry heat of the morning, the troops on both sides met and mingled to quench their thirst, ere the trumpet again called them to the slaughter.

In a small ravine, near the centre of our line, was drawn up Cotton's brigade, of whom the fusiliers formed a part. Directly in front of this, was Campbell's brigade, to the left of which, upon a gentle slope, the staff were now assembled. Thither, accordingly, I bent my steps, and, as I came up the little scarp, found myself among the generals of division, hastily summoned by Sir Arthur to deliberate upon a forward movement. The council lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour, and when I presented myself to deliver my report, all the dispositions for the battle had been decided upon, and the commander of the forces, seated upon the grass at his breakfast, looked by far the most unconcerned and uninterested man I had seen that morning.

He turned his head rapidly as I came up, and, before the aide-de-camp could announce me, called out, 'Well, sir, what news of the reinforcements?'

'They cannot reach Talavera before to-morrow, sir.'

'Then, before that we shall not want them. That will do, sir.'

So saying, he resumed his breakfast, and I retired, more than ever struck with the surprising coolness of the man, upon whom no disappointment seemed to have the slightest influence.

I had scarcely rejoined my regiment, and was giving an account to my brother officers of my journey, when an aide-de-camp came galloping at full speed down the line, and communicating with the several commanding officers as he passed.

What might be the nature of the orders, we could not guess at, for no word to fall in followed, and yet it was evident something of importance was at hand. Upon the hill where the staff were assembled, no unusual bustle appeared, and we could see the grey cob of Sir Arthur still being led up and down by the groom, with a dragoon's mantle thrown over him. The soldiers, overcome by the heat and fatigue of the morning, lay stretched around upon the grass, and every thing bespoke a period of rest and refreshment.

'We are going to advance, depend upon it,' said a young officer beside me; 'the repulse of this morning has been a smart lesson to the French, and Sir Arthur won't leave them without impressing it upon them.' 'Hark! what's that?' cried Baker; 'listen.'

As he spoke, a strain of most delicious music came wafted across the plain. It was from the band of a French regiment, and, mellowed by the distance, it seemed, in the calm stillness of the morning air, like something less of earth than heaven. As we listened, the notes swelled upwards yet fuller, and one by one the different bands seemed to join, till at last the whole air seemed full of the rich flood of melody.

We could now perceive the stragglers were rapidly falling back, while high above all other sounds, the clanging notes of the trumpet were heard along the line. The hoarse drum now beat to arms, and, soon after, a brilliant staff rode slowly from between two dense bodies of infantry, and, advancing some distance into the plain, seemed to reconnoitre us. A cloud of Polish cavalry, distinguished by their long lances and floating banners, loitered in their rear.

We had not time for further observation, when the drums on our side beat to arms, and the hoarse cry, 'Fall in, fall in there, lads!' resounded along the line. It was now one o'clock, and before half an hour the troops had resumed the position of the morning, and stood silent and anxious spectators of the scene before them.

Upon the table land, near the centre of the French position, we could descry the gorgeous tent of King Joseph, around which a large and splendidly accoutred staff were seen standing. Here, too, the bustle and excitement seemed considerable; for to this point the dark masses of the infantry seemed converging from the extreme right, and here we could perceive the royal guards and the reserve now forming in column of attack.

From the crest of the hill down to the very valley, the dark dense ranks extended, the flanks protected by a powerful artillery and deep masses of heavy cavalry. It was evident that the attack was not to commence on our side, and the greatest and most intense anxiety pervaded us as to what part of our line was first to be assailed.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur Welleley, who, from the height, had been patiently observing the field of battle, dispatched an aide-de-camp at full gallop towards Campbell's brigade, posted directly in advance of us. As he passed swiftly along, he called out, 'You're in for it, fourteenth. You'll have to open the ball to-day.'

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a signal-gun from the French boomed heavily through the still air. The last echo was growing fainter, and the heavy smoke breaking into mist, when the most deafening thunder ever my ears heard came pealing around us: eighty pieces of artillery had opened upon us, sending a

* W. Curry, Jun., and Co., Dublin. The first volume of this work appears now to be completed.

very tempest of bullets upon our line, while, amidst the smoke and dust, we could see the light troops advancing at a run, followed by the broad and massive column in all the terror and majesty of war.

'What a splendid attack! How gallantly they come on!' cried an old veteran officer beside me, forgetting all rivalry in his noble admiration of our enemy.

The intervening space was soon passed, and the *tirailleurs* falling back as the column came on, the towering masses bore down upon Campbell's division with a loud cry of defiance. Silently and steadily the English infantry awaited the attack, and returning the fire with one withering volley, were ordered to charge. Scarcely were the bayonets lowered, when the head of the advancing column broke and fled, while Mackenzie's brigade, overlapping the flank, pushed boldly forward, and a scene of frightful carnage followed. For a moment a hand to hand combat was sustained; but the unbroken files and impregnable bayonets of the English conquered, and the French fled back, leaving six guns behind them.

The gallant enemy were troops of tried and proved courage, and scarcely had they retreated when they again formed; but just as they prepared to come forward, a tremendous shower of grape opened upon them from our batteries, while a cloud of Spanish horse assailed them in flank, and nearly cut them in pieces.

While this was passing on the right, a tremendous attack menaced the hill upon which our left was posted. Two powerful columns of French infantry, supported by some regiments of light cavalry, came steadily forward to the attack. Anson's brigade was ordered to charge.

Away they went at top speed; but had not gone above a few hundred yards, when they were suddenly arrested by a deep chasm. Here the German hussars pulled short up; but the twenty-third dashing impetuously forward, a scene of terrific carnage ensued—men and horses rolling indiscriminately together under a withering fire from the French squares. Even here, however, British valour quailed not; for Major Francis Ponsonby, forming all who came up, rode boldly upon a brigade of French chasseurs in the rear. Victor, who from the first had watched the movement, at once dispatched a lance regiment against them, and then these brave fellows were absolutely cut to atoms; the few who escaped having passed through the French columns, and reached Bassecour's Spanish division on the far right.

During this time, the hill was again assailed, and even more desperately than before, while Victor himself led on the fourth corps to an attack upon our right and centre.

The guards waited without flinching the impetuous rush of the advancing columns; and, when at length within a short distance, dashed forward with the bayonet, driving every thing before them. The French fell back upon their sustaining masses, and, rallying in an instant, again came forward, supported by a tremendous fire from their batteries. The guards drew back, and the German legion, suddenly thrown into confusion, began to retire in disorder. This was the most critical moment of the day; for, although successful upon the extreme right and left of our line, our centre was absolutely broken. Just at this moment Gordon rode up to our brigade: his face was pale, and his look hurried and excited.

'The forty-eighth are coming: here they are; support them, fourteenth.'

These few words were all he spoke; and the next moment the measured tread of a column was heard behind us. On they came like one man, their compact and dense formation looking like some massive wall. Wheeling by companies, they suffered the guards and Germans to retire behind them, and then re-forming into line, they rushed forward with the bayonet. Our artillery opened with a deafening thunder behind them; and then we were ordered to charge.

We came on at a trot: the guards, who had now recovered their formation, cheering us as we proceeded. The smoke of the cannonade obscured every thing until we had advanced some distance; but just as we emerged beyond the line of the gallant forty-eighth, the splendid panoramas of the battle-field broke suddenly upon us.

'Charge! forward!' cried the hoarse voice of our colonel, and we were upon them. The French infantry, already broken by the withering musketry of our people, gave way before us, and, unable to form a square, retired fighting, but in confusion, and with tremendous loss, to their position. One glorious cheer from left to right of our line proclaimed the victory, while a deafening discharge of artillery from the French replied to this defiance, and the battle was over. Had the Spanish army been capable of a forward movement, our success at this moment would have been much more considerable; but they did not dare to change their position, and the repulse of our enemy was destined to be all our glory. The French, however, suffered much more severely than we did; and, retiring during the night, fell back behind the Alberche, leaving us the victory and the battle-field.

The night which followed the battle was a sad one. Through the darkness, and under a fast-falling rain, the hours were spent in searching for our wounded comrades amid the heap of slain upon the field; and the glimmering of the lanterns, as they flickered far

and near across the wide plain, bespoke the track of the fatigue parties in their mournful round; while the groans of the wounded rose amid the silence with an accent of heart-rending anguish: so true was it, as our great commander said, 'There is nothing more sad than a victory, except a defeat.'

DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.

In a late number of the *Literary Gazette*, there is a communication from a correspondent in New South Wales, which gives an account of certain discoveries made in that part of the world by a wandering Polish count. In the account is the following extract from the *Port Philip Herald*, which may be interesting to our readers:—

'We have sincere gratification in announcing the arrival, in Melbourne, of Count Strelski, the enterprising pedestrian naturalist, and his friends and *compagnons de voyage*, Messrs Macarthur and Riley, from an exploratory tour through the *terra incognita* on the south-east coast of New South Wales, in the course of which they have made several highly important discoveries, and have undergone excessive privations. Some interesting particulars of the journey, gleaned in conversation with the travellers, we hasten to lay before our readers, and we hope to be able very shortly to publish a more detailed account of the important discoveries they have made. The present tour was undertaken by Count Strelski, in continuation of those geognostic and mineralogical researches which had previously carried him over 2000 miles, within the limits of the colony, and now induced him to start from the Murrumbidgee, to explore the unknown, and by white men untrodden, territory lying between the Hume and the south-eastern coast of New South Wales. At Ellerslie, a station belonging to H. H. Macarthur, Esq., M.C., the count was joined by Mr James Macarthur and Mr Riley, both of whom were eager to share with the count in the toils and gratifications of such an undertaking. The party seems to have started well provided with provisions and pack-horses, and all well mounted excepting the count, who having with him a considerable number of valuable instruments necessary for the prosecution of his observations, which, on account of their delicate construction, required the greatest care of carriage, preferred pursuing his journey on foot, with his budget on his back. From Ellerslie the party descended into the beautiful valley of the Hume, or Murray, and followed its picturesque windings for about fifty miles. Here the travellers encamped. The count and Mr Macarthur ascended the Australian Alps; and on the 12th of February, about noon, they found themselves sitting on the most elevated peak of Australia, at the height of 7800 feet above the level of the sea, beyond the reach of vegetation, surrounded by perpetual snows, with a serene and lucid sky above them, and below, an unbroken view over an extent of about 4000 square miles. On the summit of the Alps, Count Strelski secured many valuable meteorological and magnetic observations; the trigonometrical survey, which the count had begun and carried on from the Murrumbidgee, received new supports from this predominant point; valuable materials for future publication were also obtained in aid of the count's barometrical survey, and his geognostic and mineralogical investigations. From the Snowy Range, retracing their steps for about thirty miles to the westward, the party struck for the south, through a broken and uninhabited country, opening, as it were, by their first track, perhaps a future communication with the Murray. Arrived at Omeo, the country afforded new and ample harvest of observation and gratification, from its peculiar geognostic character, and connecting links of the survey. In three days' journey from Omeo, in a south-east direction, the party crossed the dividing range, and in four days more found themselves in a new and splendid country, clothed with the richest pasture, and intersected with numerous rivers—an immense inland lake and its ramified lagoons—in fact, opening up in every direction fresh fields for the operations of the settler, such as no other part of the colony, which had come under the observation of the travellers, presented. The country, from latitude 37 degrees 10 minutes south, assumed the most cheering and gratifying aspect; but the rivers which beset the country from north-west to south-east greatly retarded the progress of the travellers, whose provisions now began to fail.

On the 6th of April, it was determined to place all hands on half rations (a biscuit and a slice of bacon per day), but new difficulties and new delays soon rendered it evident that, even with this precautionary measure, it would be impossible to make the stock of provisions last out the journey. The greatest impediment the travellers had to contend with was the exhausted state of their horses; each day saw one or other of the party dismounted, to follow the count on foot; but this, far from removing, only increased the impediments to their progress, for the men, unaccustomed to walk, like the horses, began to feel the effects of the wear and tear of the journey. In this situation, it became necessary for the travellers to relinquish (which they did with regret) their original intention of prosecuting their researches as far as Wilson's Promontory, and thence, commencing the exploration of the sea-coast, its inlets and outlets; and to take, instead, the straight course for Western Port, the nearest point whence fresh supplies could be obtained. The open forests, plains, and valleys, through which the party, if well supplied with provisions, might have travelled at leisure, had now to be exchanged for a rocky and mountainous path, through which a passage could not be effected without infinite difficulty. The horses, now completely exhausted, served more to retard than to accelerate the progress of the travellers, and they were finally obliged to abandon them in a valley of tolerable pasture and well watered, about seventy-five miles beyond Western Port; here also they were forced to leave the packs with the men's wearing apparel, and the count's mineralogical and botanical collection, taking with them only their blankets and the residue of their

bread, which, notwithstanding the allowance had been greatly restricted, did not last longer than four days from this time. From this place, the count and his companions took, and at all hazards maintained, a direct course to Western Port, in the hope of bringing their sufferings to a close as speedily as possible; but, unfortunately, this course led them for days together through a dense scrub, which it was almost impossible to penetrate. The party was now in a most deplorable condition. Messrs Macarthur and Riley, and their attendants, had become so exhausted as to be unable to cope with the difficulties which beset their progress. The count being more inured to the fatigue and privations attendant upon a pedestrian journey through the wilds of our inhospitable interior, alone retained possession of his strength; and, although burdened with a load of instruments and papers of forty-five pounds weight, continued to pioneer his exhausted companions day after day through an almost impervious tea-tree scrub, closely interwoven with climbing grasses, vines, willows, fern, and reeds. Here the count was to be seen breaking a passage with his hands and knees through the centre of the scrub—there throwing himself at full length among the dense underwood, and thus opening by the weight of his body a pathway for his companions in distress. Thus the party, inch by inch, forced their way, the incessant rains preventing them from taking rest by night or day. Their provisions, during the last eighteen days of their journey, consisted only of a very scanty supply of the flesh of the native bear or monkey, but for which, the only game the country afforded, the travellers must have perished from utter starvation. This food, which the travellers describe as somewhat of the toughest, was but scantily obtained, and the nutriment it afforded was altogether insufficient for the maintenance of the health and strength necessary for undergoing such fatigue.

On the twenty-second day after they had abandoned their horses, the travellers came in sight of Western Port, and the sensations which were created by the first view of the water, on which a small vessel was riding at anchor, and the blue smoke curling among the trees, may be more easily imagined than described. It was upon Mr Berry's tent the party had stumbled, and to his hospitality and kind attention to their wants they owe their recovery to health and vigour. Messrs Macarthur and Riley acknowledge themselves to be under great obligations to Count Strelski, to whom, under Divine Providence, they attribute their safety. Although furnished with sextant and artificial horizon, the state of the weather was such, that during the last twenty-two days, notwithstanding the utmost exertion of the travellers, the latitude and azimuth could only twice be ascertained; but such attention was paid to the variations of the compass, and laying down the course upon the chart, that the latest observation did not differ from the meridian of Western Port more than two miles.

In the course of a few days, the public may expect a more circumstantial narration of the journey, and an opportunity will be afforded for the inspection of the chart of the new and valuable country, which the count, in honour of his excellency the governor, has designated Gipps' Land. We have much pleasure in stating, that, in the opinion of Count Strelski, there exists no impediment to the immediate occupation of Gipps' Land, by the enterprising settlers of Port Philip, and that it is much more easy of access from Melbourne than from Maneroo, or the Omeo country. The brilliant prospects which the discovery of so splendid a country in the (hitherto considered barren) region lying between Australia Felix and the outer coast stations of New South Wales, opens up to this province, must be obvious to all; and we trust Count Strelski and his gallant companions will not be allowed to leave Melbourne without some public testimonial of the approbation of the colonists.

The announcement of the above, we are told, created a considerable sensation in the minds of Australian graziers, who foresaw a new prospect of abundance in the rich pastoral districts which had been made known. For our part, we cannot but esteem it a very remarkable circumstance, that, after a possession of half a century, the British are only now for the first time discovering the nature of the country. Australia, large as it is, should have been long since generally surveyed and mapped.

TAGLIONI, THE DANCER.

This woman, whose sole merit is that she dances well—of all merits the least meritorious—is actually fêted throughout Europe; received at the table of emperors and empresses, hussared by counts; presented with a purse of diamonds by one super-opulent fool, and with a chariot, with solid silver spokes to its wheels, by another; demanding for a few nights of pirouetting and bounding at the Italian Opera, a sum which would feed the peasantry of a province for a month; amassing money which might raise the drooping sculpture, painting, music, and literature of an empire. What was the engagement which Taglioni had the modesty to demand at the theatre of Drury Lane? One hundred pounds a-night for herself three nights a-week, and six hundred pounds to be paid for the services of her father as ballet-master; nine hundred pounds to her brother and sister to dance with her; with two benefits to herself, guaranteed to her at six hundred pounds; one-half a benefit to her brother, guaranteed at two hundred pounds—in all, six thousand pounds! All this is monstrous; it actually disgusts the mind to think of such sums lavished on a parcel of jumpers—even the effrontery of the demand is offensive. Here is a knot of the meanest of mankind—the very dross of Parisian life—actually think their caperings worthy of being paid at a rate which the liberality of a nation has scarcely ever offered to their greatest benefactors. The noble poet, the most profound philosopher, the greatest mechanical inventor, the most gallant soldier, all would be regarded as exorbitantly over-paid by half the sum which these vulgar contributors to the Italian Opera think themselves entitled to demand, and, by the prodigal folly of fashion, actually obtain.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

SCRAPS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.*

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in the parlour; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon waste cries more, like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent—nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he can in the counting-room or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labour with his best friend, and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

SLIPPERS.

The best slippers are a pair of old shoes; the worst, those of plaited cloth or list, which make the feet tender from undue warmth, and when taken off in the cold weather create chilblains. To keep the feet warm, there is in reality but one good and wholesome expedient—*brisk exercise*.

UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

The lark now carols the same song and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B, since Tubal Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. Never has the buzz of the gnat risen above the second A; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connexion with colour as it has now; and the right angle of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now said to do on one of the pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat, four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian Ocean ever raised, as it does now. In the first migration of birds, they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest part of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid bluish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged oftener sung in *adagio* than in its natural spirit. Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. Eight millions two hundred and eighty thousand animalcules could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which they have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced twenty millions eighty-three hundred and twenty eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country you collect them. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty-nine feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours.

TRANQUILLITY.

I look upon tranquillity of mind, and patience, to contribute as much as any thing whatever to the curing of disease. On this principle I account for the circumstance of animals not labouring under illness so long as human beings. Brutes do not think so much as we, nor vex themselves about futurity, but endure their maladies without reflecting on them, and recover from them by the sole means of temperance and repose.

THE RAVEN—A FABLE.

The raven saw that the eagle brooded thirty days over her eggs. "This is what makes the young eaglets so strong and far-sighted," said she. "Good; I will try it myself." And ever since then the raven broods over her eggs thirty days, but they have never produced any thing better than ravens.

* Some of these scraps have probably been copied from English works without quotation.

EPITAPH ON A MR PECK.

Here lies a Peck, which some men say
Was first of all a Peck of clay;
This, wrought with skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh.
Through various forms its maker ran,
Then adding breath, made Peck a man.
Full fifty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved a Peck of troubles;
Then fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies, a Peck of dust.

THE VINE AND THE OAK.

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. "Oak," said the ivy vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me." "My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb, even as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow *independently*," said the vine; "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependant upon you?" "Nature," answered the oak, "did not so design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height *alone*, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among the trees. The trees will begin to say, 'It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone, I will not cherish thee.' By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee or pity thee."

"Ah me," said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny!" and with this she twined herself around the oak, and they both grew and flourished happily together.

ELOQUENCE.

Different styles of eloquence, each producing the desired effect:

Contribute liberally, my brethren; give such a sum as you would not be ashamed to place on the altar of heaven in presence of an assembled universe.—*Bishop Griswold*.

Give generously, my friends; not four-pence-half-pennies, but run your hand into your pocket up to the elbow, and bring out a handful, as a sailor would do if you needed his aid.—*Rev. Mr Taylor*.

A REVOLUTION.

In Shakespeare's time all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. In ours all the world's a book, and all its population simply readers.

AMERICAN GENIUS.

In England formerly (writes an English traveller), genius and poetry were said to go hand in hand, and to be constant companions. Hence the old couplet,

"Poets and painters never can be fat—
Sons of Apollo, listen well to that."

But in America, at the present time, fact contradicts this fable. Irving, Paulding, Halleck, Hillhouse, Cooper, and other literary men, are independently rich, and there are a number of artists who are wealthy. Forrest, the tragedian, is thought to be worth a *plum*. He is the only one of those we have just named, however, who acquired his possessions by his profession; the others obtained theirs in other avocations. Literature is not a business in America—it is a pleasure; consequently, most of her citizens are engaged in more profitable business, such as commerce, banking, or trade. Bryant and Willis, however, are editors of newspapers, and both "prosperous gentlemen;" but Wetmore is a merchant, Worth a broker, and Sprague the cashier of a bank.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to my friends; mean to take a walk; going to take a ride; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays; can't breathe in church, always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; torn my muslin dress coming down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like a liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous—the spirit willing, but the flesh weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosing; nobody to-day but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church—fell asleep last time I was there—shan't risk it again; mean to inquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to such a public place as a church—will publish the result.

BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

Cooper says, I remember somewhere to have heard of a gentleman who, by mere chance, strolled into a coffee-house, where he met with a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing to England, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted, taking care, however, to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:

"DEAR WIFE, I am going to England. Yours, &c."

Her answer was not less laconic or tender:

"DEAR HUSBAND, A pleasant voyage. Yours, &c."

THE BRIDE.

The writings of Irving abound in pictures, which, for delicacy, taste, and truth, are not surpassed by any writers in the English language. The following is an exquisite passage:—"I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her fathers and the home of her childhood, and, with the implicit confidence and the sweet self-abandonment which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice—when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honour, and obey, till death us do part'—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth: 'Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

BRAHAM'S FIRST CONCERT.

Long before the doors opened, a dense crowd surrounded the entrance to the Tabernacle; and, by eight o'clock, between two and three thousand people were seated in breathless silence to hear the great Braham, whose reputation in London as first tenor, both in sacred and secular music, has been undisturbed for the last forty-five years. The overture to the Messiah was ably performed by Dr Hodges on the organ, which, however, is not one of the best specimens of Erben's manufacture; after which Mr Braham made his first appearance before an American audience. The applause and cheering with which he was greeted had a visible effect upon his nerves, for he commenced, although an experienced artist of years, trembling and rather flat; but he soon rallied and became himself. His first tender and expressive cadence was received with a feeling of surprise which seemed too great for utterance; but, when he once showed the full power of his wonderful voice, there was no controlling the enthusiasm of the auditors, and a burst of applause took place, such as has been seldom heard in the Tabernacle. "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," brought tears into the eyes, in spite of many a manly struggle not to show such weakness; but "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," was a perfect tornado of tone, and a volume of voice to which there appeared to be no end. His *crescendo*, at the end, was the most extraordinary musical effort we ever listened to. It appeared as if a thousand mortals were dashed into pieces like a potter's vessel; in short, each effort was crowned with increased effect and astonishment. In his "Jephtha's rash Vow," no one can imagine any thing more expressive of the heart-broken grief of a father than Mr Braham in the words, "My only daughter—so dear a child!" and the struggle to sing "But Gilead hath triumphed o'er her foes," again with convulsive sobs, "Therefore to-morrow's dawn," and the hopeless "I can no more," seemed almost too much to listen to. To say he has lost his powers, is ridiculous; his expression of feeling and tenderness he can never lose, for it was born with him, and will descend with him to the grave. His flexibility is the only point in which his age may be detected; in all other respects he is as full of freshness and vigour as when he was in the prime of life.—*New York Mirror*.

THE SPIRIT OF SOLOMON.

An honest old man endured heat and cold, and tilled his land in cheerfulness and hope. On a sudden a heavenly vision appeared before him, and he was afraid. Then the shape spoke—"I am Solomon. What art thou doing, old man?" "If thou art Solomon, how canst thou ask?" inquired he. "Thou didst send me in my youth to the ant; I considered her ways, and learned to labour and to save, and do so still." "You learned only half the lesson," replied the shadow. "Go once more to the ant, and learn from her to rest in the winter of thy days, and to enjoy the fruits of thy labour."

STUDIES.

Variety of studies, so far from weakening the mind, is a powerful means of promoting its energy and growth. We seldom meet with persons of vigorous understanding whose range of thought has been confined chiefly to one department.

ODD ANSWER.

The elder folks were talking of the races, when one turned to a listening child and said, "Did you ever see a racer, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run."

THE MOUSE.

A philosophical mouse was praising the goodness of nature in making mice an object of such peculiar care; "for one-half of us," he said, "are furnished with wings, so that when we live in the ground are all destroyed by the cats, our race might easily be perpetuated from the bats." The good mouse did not know that there are winged cats who hunt bats. Our pride is generally founded on our ignorance.

A MALAPROP.

A fashionable lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a distinguished poet's, her reply was—"The dinner was *expendid*, but my seat was so *promote* from the nick-nacks, that I could not *ratify* my appetite, and the pickled cherries had such a *defect* on my head, that I had a *motion* to leave the table; but Mr — gave me some *hathorn* resolved in water, which *bereaved* me."

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

The story of finding the third Queen Anne's farthing is again making its periodical tour of the English newspapers, though the story of its coinage and loss is well known to be a fabrication.